



And over al diaped and writen
With ladies and with bacheleres,
ful lightsom and ful glad of cheres.
These bowes two held Swete Loking,
That semed lyk no gadeling.
And ten brode arowes held he there,
Of which five in his right hond were.
But they were shaven wel and dight,
Nokked and fethered aright;
And al they were with gold bigoon,
And stronge poynted everichoon,
And sharpe for to herven weel;
But iren was ther noon ne steel;
for al was gold, men mighte it see,
Outtake the fetheres and the tree.

THE swiftest of these arowes fyve
Out of a bowe for to dryve,
And best yfethered for to flee,
And fairest eek, was cleped Beautee. **Beautee**
That other arowe, that hurteth lesse,
Was cleped, as I trowe, Simplesse. **Simplesse**
The thridde cleped was fraunchyse, **Fraunchyse**
That fethered was, in noble wyse,
With valour and with curtesye.
The fourthe was cleped Companye, **Com-panye**
That hevy for to sheten is;
But whoso sheteth right, ywis,

May therwith doon gret harm and wo.
The fyfte of these, and laste also,
fair Semblaunt men that arowe calle, **Semblaunt**
The leeste grevous of hem alle;
Yit can it make a ful gret wounde,
But he may hope his sores sounde,
That hurt is with that arowe, ywis;
his wo the bet bistowed is,
for he may soner have gladnesse,
his langour oughte be the lesse.

FYVE arowes were of other gyse,
That been ful foule to devyse;
for shaft and ende, sooth to telle,
Were al so black as feend in helle.

THE first of hem is called Pryde; **Pryde**
That other arowe next him biyde,
It was cleped Vilanye. **Vilanye**
That arowe was as with felonye
Envenimed, and with spitous blame.
The thridde of hem was cleped Shame. **Shame**
The fourthe, Manhope cleped is, **Manhope**
The fyfte, the Newe Thought, ywis. **Newe Thought**

THESSE arowes that I speke
of here,
Were alle fyve of oon manere,
And alle were they resemblable.
To hem was wel sitting and able



The foule croked bowe hidous,
That knotty was, and al roynous.
That bowe semede wel to shete
These arowes fyve, that been unmete,
Contrarie to that other fyve.
But though I telle not as blyve
Of hir power, ne of hir might,
herafter shal I tellen right
The sothe, and eek signifaunce,
As fer as I have remembraunce:
Al shal be seid, I undertake,
Er of this boke an ende I make.

COME come I to my tale ageyn.
But alderfirst, I wol you seyn
The fasoun and the counten-
aunces
Of al the folk that on the
daunce is.
The God of Love, jolyf and light,
Ladde on his honde a lady bright,
Of high prys, and of greet degree.
This lady called was Beautee,
As was an arowe, of which I tolde.
ful wel ythowed was she holde;
Ne she was derk ne broun, but bright,
And cleer as is the monelight,
Ageyn whom alle the sterres semen
But smale candels, as we demen.

Hir flesh was tendre as dewe of flour,
Hir chere was simple as byrde in bour;
As whyt as lilie or rose in rys,
Hir face gentil and tretys.
fetys she was, and smal to see;
No windred browes hadde she,
Ne popped hir, for it neded nought
To windre hir, or to peynthe hir ought.
Hir tresses yelow and longe straughten,
Unto hir heles down they raughten:
Hir nose, hir mouth, and eye and cheke
Wel wrought, and al the remenaunt eke.
A ful grete savour and a swote
Me thinketh in myn herte rote,
As helpe me God, whan I remembre
Of the fasoun of every membre!
In world is noon so fair a wight;
for yong she was, and hewed bright,
Sadde, plesaunt, and fetys withalle,
Gente, and in hir middel smalle. **Richesse**

RISYDE Beaute yede Richesse,
An high lady of greet noblesse,
And greet of prys in every place.
But whoso durste to hir
trespace,
Or til hir folk, in worde or dede,
he were ful hardy, out of drede;
for bothe she helpe and hindre may: